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TO POLLY.

MY DEAR, YOUR FACE WAS MEANT TO KISS,  
BY ONE, SELECTED FOR SUCH BLISS—  
JUST ONE—AND I SHOULD—WELL, REJOICE  
IF YOU WOULD LET *me* MAKE THAT CHOICE.

# "A KNOCK AT THE DOOR."

By CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



"A KNOCK AT THE DOOR" is a picture of an episode in the life of two lovers.

It is specially printed by hand on imported Japan paper, 11 x 11, and is matted ready for framing.

Each proof is signed personally by Mr. Gibson.

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New subscribers will receive for five dollars a year's subscription to LIFE and the signed proof, which you can get in no other way.

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READY OCTOBER 1st.

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— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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# LIFE



## Sanctum Talks.

"KING EDWARD, how are you?"  
 "I am well, LIFE—as well as I ever was."

"Are you contented with your lot?"

"Why, yes. Why shouldn't I be? My debts worry me no longer."

"Did they ever?"

"Ha! Well, perhaps they didn't. Still, it is always a satisfaction, don't you know, to feel that you are on a sound basis. Then I don't have the cares of other monarchs."

"No, I suppose not."

"I'm more of a figurehead. There are advantages in being a figurehead. I'm always properly gilded."

"But is that necessary?"

"It is—in a figurehead. A figurehead worn in spots is a sorry spectacle. Now, if I went around with the cares of my people on my shoulders, I couldn't take so much time gilding myself; and I wouldn't be so much venerated."

"My! Are you venerated?"

"None more so. That's another

beauty about being a figurehead. Now the Czar, or Abdul, or Cousin Willie—well, they're abused. Any one of them might get blown up any moment."

"But no one blames you for anything."

"Certainly not. Why should they? I'm just a plain, ordinary King, a high functionary, a sort of necessary adjunct to all ceremonies, with the constant

occupation of being looked up to."

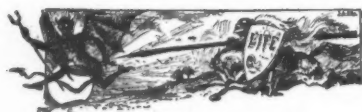
"And they do look up to you, don't they?"

"Indeed they do. I never do anything, you see. Never put my foot in it. I'm an illusion. That's what tells."

"But it wouldn't do with everyone."

"Oh, maybe not, LIFE. But then, you know, it takes an Englishman to appreciate a figurehead."

"So it does, so it does."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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IT has been a grievous experience to have the President shot. Imminent death is an engrossing interest. When it hovers over a household it is hard for the members of that household who are not themselves engaged in fighting it to settle to anything else. They go about restlessly, coming to the door of the sick room, getting news, going away again and again returning. If it is night, the watchers and the waiters are sleepless. If it is day, they are preoccupied and uneasy. So it was with hundreds of thousands of Americans on the dark day of President McKinley's collapse. It was to our family that the stricken man belonged. His danger was our concern. We read the hourly bulletins wearily, afraid of what they might tell, and yet reluctant to miss anything that might give encouragement. Our hopes had been high—had been assured. To have them blighted in all their gladness seemed unendurable. But it was endurable, for it was to happen.

Ah, brethren, we have had a hard blow. It has brought us all grief. It has brought tears to thousands; distress and lamentation to millions; anxiety and fear to very many. But now that it has fallen in spite of all that skill and knowledge could do to avert it, it behooves us all to turn our faces to the front again and go on about the serious business of living. Sorrow is over; grief and loss must be endured; fear must be put aside, for it has no sound basis. We go back with sore hearts to our duties, to our tasks, to our pleasures, as we have

sometimes done before, as we shall doubtless do again, while still we keep our places in the great procession of humanity.

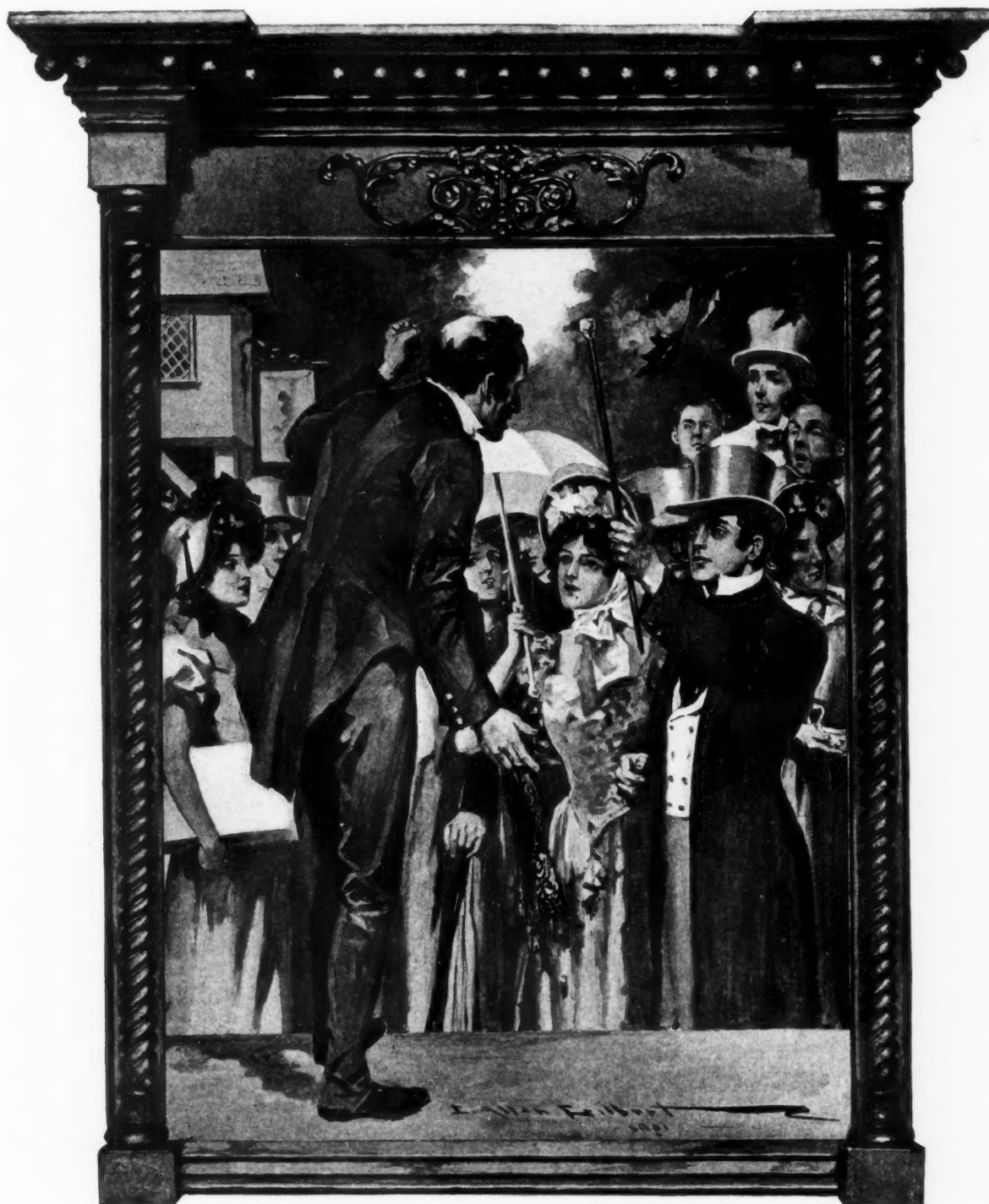
FOR five years various circumstances made William McKinley the object of active political criticism. Every candidate for the Presidency undergoes an intense scrutiny and confronts detraction. He did not escape those incidents of public service. Once elected, he had almost immediately to deal with the Spanish War and all its resulting complications, involving difficult and very troublesome questions, for the settlement of which our history offered no precedents. He could have followed no course which would not have been vigorously criticised. Yet, again and again, important action of some sort devolved upon him, and he acted. Whether he did what he wanted to do or what he could not help, the responsibility was his, and he assumed it. On him fell the chief weight of criticism. It did not matter that in many instances the only choice he had was a choice of seeming evils. If what he chose seemed bad, the blame fell upon him about as freely as though the alternative was not worse. His honest critics should not be disparaged. During his first administration they saw our country enter courses which seemed to them contrary to the mandates of the Constitution and the spirit of the Fathers. They did right to cry out the warnings which their hearts prompted, even though, often enough, they may have seemed to hold the President accountable for consequences and situations which were absolutely beyond his control. He steered, as best he might, such a course as his judgment and his advisers' counsel directed. As month succeeded month, and the policies of the Government became more definitely established and its purposes clearer, criticism lessened; the opposition, partly by necessity, partly by conviction, became more reconciled to the Government's course, and confidence in the President increased. When he was first elected there were thousands of observers who looked upon him as an amiable and clever

man, but weak. By the time it came to voting for him for a second term, the notion that he was a weak man was pretty well exploded, while confidence in his ability and the soundness of his judgment had unquestionably been vastly strengthened.

MOREOVER, there was that about the man that disarmed personal hostility, and seemed to make almost every one who came to have personal relations with him, his friend. He was full of good will to men, was exceedingly amiable, and had great charm of manner. The sweetness of temper, the buoyancy of his spirit, his patience, his courtesy, his tact, his ready gift of pleasant speech made him beloved in a way that no President has been beloved since Lincoln. It was those qualities, largely, that made him so remarkably successful in his dealings with Congress; that made warm personal friends of thousands of his political opponents and critics, and stirred such a wail of grief and lamentation over his death. Whether he will rank among the greatest of Americans we must leave it to history to determine. That he will rank high among the best beloved of Americans there is no question. He had come through much of storm and fog to clear weather and calm waters. There seemed no problems of extraordinary difficulty, nor perplexing crises ahead of him. He was the most popular citizen of the republic as well as the most conspicuous. We wished with all our hearts and hoped that he might live; and that was human and natural; but so far as his own fame is concerned he seems to have died in the fulness of it, while the manner of his death—killed by an assassin as the representative of the American Republic—has made imperishable a name already renowned.

IT has been with a heavy heart that President Roosevelt has taken up the burden of responsibility that has come upon him. He is a good man, and an able man. We need not fear but that the government of the country will be wisely administered under his leadership.





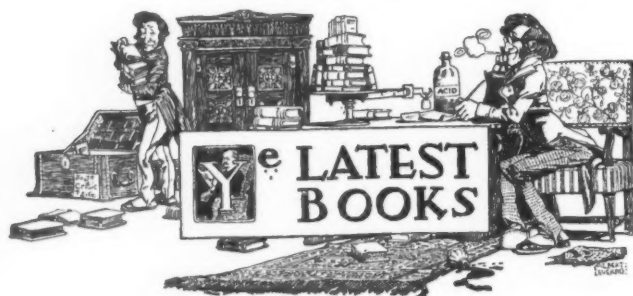
REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR—XVI.

Some time after this, the inn was given up and its contents auctioned off. I was delighted to find myself purchased by the young couple whose fortunes had so interested me before.

## Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged. \$8,116.26	From C. E. A., in Memory of Frances Fraser.....	\$50.00
Fourth Subscription on account of Tenth Annual Subscription of Westchester Society.....	Ruth Bluefield.....	25.00
Henrietta Crossman.....		1.00
		\$8,292.26

OUR last army of visitors at LIFE's Farm—all colored—showed the liveliest appreciation of a generous supply of ice cream and cakes from Mrs. A. Newbold Morris.



*Katharine Day*, Anna Fuller's new novel, easily breaks all recent records for length. Patiently, and not without skill, it traces the development of the heroine's character from early childhood, and is evenly, if mildly, interesting throughout its six hundred pages. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

That the value of biographical reading is often forgotten in these busy days is largely due to the forbidding bulk of the average "life." "The Beacon Biographies" are short, well written and well printed. *Louis Agassiz*, by Alice Bache Gould, is a good example. (Small, Maynard and Company. 75c.)

A novel of the reconstruction period in North Carolina, by Payne Erskine, called *When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads*, while containing much that is crude, shows marked ability and is worth reading unless one objects to dialect. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

Joseph A. Altsheler has a knack of dashing off long stories easy to read and hard to remember. His latest is *The Wilderness Road, a Romance of St. Clair's Defeat and Wayne's Victory*, a Cooper-like tale of daring scout and noble red man. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*Antonia* is a stiff and perfunctory relation of Indian adventures around New Amsterdam about 1640. It is by Jessie Van Zile Belden, and is not worthy of the excellent press work accorded it by its publishers. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

A. Jenkins Hains tells us a good old-fashioned sea yarn in *The Cruise of the Petrel*. It seems like old days with W. Clark Russell to be once more reeving gaskets to the t'gal't mizz'n hawsers! (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

A very readable history of the origin, spread and achievements of choral music, both sacred and secular, is given by

Arthur Mees in *Choirs and Choral Music*, a new addition to Scribner's Music Lovers' Library. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.) J. B. Kerfoot.

## OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Crankiams" By *Lisle de Vaux Matthewman*. (Hy. T. Coates and Company, Philadelphia.)

"Sunset Rhymes." By *Seth Sturges*. (The Bradley White Company. \$1.00.)

"The Beacon Biographies. John G. Whittier." By *Richard Burton*. (Small, Maynard and Company. 75c.)

"The Beacon Biographies. Ralph Waldo Emerson." By *Frank B. Sanborn*. (Small, Maynard and Company. 75c.)

## The Views of Grogan on Municipal Politics.



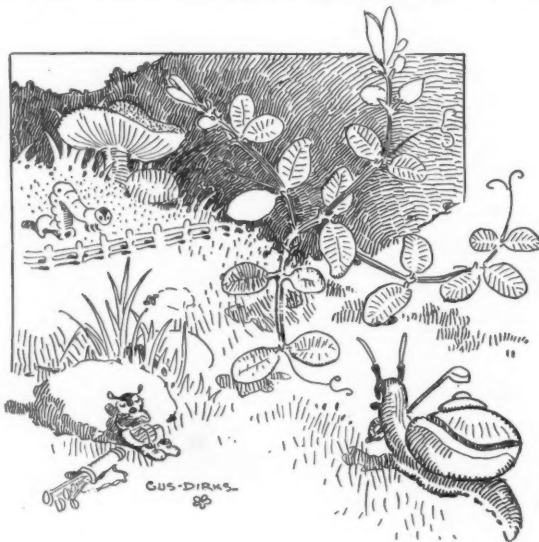
"Y'E'RE dead wrong," said Grogan. "Them reform fellers ain't out fer de stuff. If dey wuz, I'd join 'em meself. Dey've got a good graft if dey only knowed how ter work it."

"Will dey win? Not in a hundred years. Dey're too straight. If dey wuz crooked, dey'd have us on de run, but dey ain't. Dat's why we ain't worryin'. Yer don't see no wrinkles on Devery's brow, do yer, exceptin' dem wot comes from laughin'?"

"Did y'ever notice how de reformers works? It's like dis:

"De Reverent Mr. Jones t'inks de booze shops oughter close up at ten o'clock ev'ry night, coz dat's de time when most people commences ter git toisty."

"De Reverent Mr. Smith agrees wit' de Reverent Mr. Jones,



Snail Golfer: CRACK MY SHELL, IF THE PEA I'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH HASN'T TAKEN ROOT AND SPROUTED.



*The Publisher:* YOU SAY THIS IS YOUR FIRST NOVEL. A CHINESE ROMANCE. NEVER BEEN ABROAD, HEY? JUST MADE IT UP AS YOU WENT ALONG. WELL, THIS IS A FIND! *(To clerk)* JAMES, ORDER FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES PRINTED AT ONCE, ADVERTISE WHOLE EDITION OF TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND SOLD BEFORE PUBLICATION, AND GET OUT LITHOGRAPHS OF THE YOUNG LADY.

only he t'inks ten o'clock is too late. He wants ter make nine o'clock de limit.

"Does de two Reverents git togeder an' compromise on nine-thoity? Nit! Each of 'em gits up a party of his own, an' so does ev'ry udder duck wot's got a pet reform t'eory rattlin' around in his nut. When election time comes round, dey puts six or seven tickets in de field, an' each ticket gits six or seven votes.

"An' wot are we doin' all dis time? Scrappin' about who's de best man ter uphold de dignity of de Mayor's office? Not on yer life! We're jest layin' low, waitin' fer de ol' man ter come back an' tell us who ter vote fer. Wot he says goes, an' his man gits de votes.

"Dat's de difference between politics an' reform." *Isaac Anderson.*

"DON'T you know it is unlucky to postpone the wedding day?"  
"But not if you keep on doing it."

## The Power of the Press.

A SERIO-COMEDY.

*(The scene is laid in Printing House Square at three a. m., after the morning editions have gone to press. The stage is filled with editors, sub-editors, reporters, etc., etc., all being journalists in some capacity, except, of course, the members of the Press Club, who sit on one side. All join hands, circle around, and sing.)*

Behold in us the Octopus of mental stimulation,  
A world of sin we dabble in for mankind's delectation,  
And we tell in full, while you hold your breath,  
Of battle, and murder, and sudden death.  
The truth we grip (or skip) with typographical fecundity,  
And spread the sad, and mad, and glad, with equalized profundity.  
And for us, since the matrix had its birth,  
There's naught that's sacred in heaven and earth!

*(The centre of the stage is now cleared, as the sound of distant trumpets is heard, and it becomes known that a great representative of the press is approaching. He is preceded by a corps of danc-*

*ing dervishes, then a brigade of messenger boys bearing champagne bottles and absinthe frappés, and finally the great James Gordon Bennett looms into full view. He is mounted on a Herald ice wagon, and raises his voice in song.)*

SOLO. JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

You see in me

A prodigy

Of intellectual valor!

I lie between

The red and green,

And I'm somewhat on the "yaller."

*(At this point he is led off by the Rev. G. Hepworth, his faithful side partner, and rubbed down, after which he returns and resumes.)*

James Gordon Bennett I, of international renown

And of able journalistic perspicuity,

Which is this and nothing more:

To print cablegrams galore

And surround them with an absolute vacuity!

In Paris I make my abode, because I find it pays,

In disbursing so much printed imbecility,

At a distance for to be—

I can cable them, you see,

Which is better than a localized agility.



"I lie between the red and green."



"I'm the cultivated offspring of immense superiority."

## CHORUS.

To distribute imbecility requires world-wide agility, so this man of great renown And enormous perspicuity creates a vast vacuity by not dwelling in this town !  
(He is led off by the city editor, while the band plays "Razze Dazze" to subdued groans. The dervishes dance the serpentine for a while and finally fade away. A strain of music now begins, and the bright young men of *The Sun*, headed by one Paul Dana, march in to rag-time.)

## SONG OF "THE SUN'S" YOUNG MEN.

The stars shine bright  
In the stilly night,  
And they're winking at the world in arrant fun,  
But we never, never care  
For their silly twinkling stare—  
It's so so when you see it in *The Sun*!  
When the planets turn  
There is much to learn.  
There are truths untold within the spectrum's glow ;  
Yet this scientific fact  
Is at present quite intact :  
When you see it in *The Sun*, it isn't so !  
(Paul Dana now steps forward in a costume much too large for him.)

## SONG OF OBSCURITY. PAUL DANA.

I'm a colorless concoction of a type that is ubiquitous ;

My shade is neither yellow nor true blue,  
And even to refer to me as something quite iniquitous  
Is something no one ever thinks to do.  
When I first put this uniform on,  
I remarked, as I looked in the glass,  
"It's my highest ambition to obtain a position  
Which is never, never, never, never crass !"  
I'm the cultivated offspring of immense

superiority,  
With an education much above a clam.  
In a strenuous endeavor I have toiled since my minority,  
Yet no one seems to know just who I am !  
When I first put this uniform on,  
I remarked, as I gazed long at it,  
"How much, through digestion, I may swell is a question,  
But these shoes'll never, never, never fit !"

## CHORUS.

He's a colorless descendant of immense superiority,  
With a modicum of intellect and wit.  
But he strives, Alack ! Alas !  
Never, never to be crass,  
And his shoes'll never, never, never fit !

(A solemn funeral march is now played, and a large part of the assemblage falls asleep, as Whitelaw Reid enters on a stuffed elephant drawn on

wheels by the hired hands of Ophir Farm. He bows profoundly to right and left.)

## SOPORIFIC SOLO. WHITELAW REID.

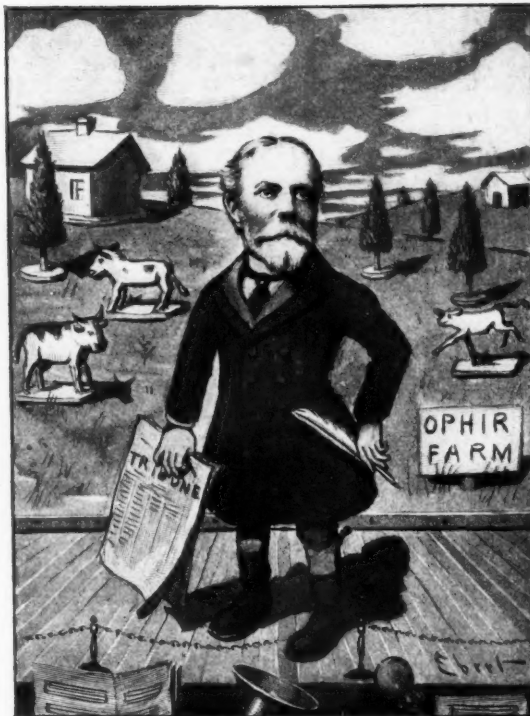
My tale is soon told.  
'Tis a story that's old,  
To be sung without any evasion.  
So allow me to say,  
In a casual way,  
I'm seeking a good situation.  
I've written enough  
Political stuff  
To expect some pronounced compensation.  
No titbit would be  
Really relished by me.  
I'm seeking a good situation.  
To Paris I went  
With the peaceful intent  
Of outdoing the whole Spanish nation.  
But the job was too small—  
Didn't suit me at all—  
What I want is a good situation !

(All snore peacefully as he retires mumbling to himself. The ghost of E. L. Godkin now floats in over the sleepers, and dances a mournful minuet in the centre. He touches one of the fiddlers in the orchestra, who wakes grumbling and plays an accompaniment.)

## SONG OF DESPAIR. E. L. GODKIN.

I'm a spectre pessimistical and highly egotistical, and ever since from here I made my flight,





"I'm seeking a good situation."



"There is only one Hearst."

And grimly took to rubbing, I always  
fall to blubbering when I reflect that  
nothing can be right.

For the gist of my song  
I would have you know:  
The world is all wrong,  
And I told you so!

On every hand monstrosities, increasing  
their velocities, are gaining on true  
ethics day and night.

There's nothing left but vanity and no hope  
for humanity. I'm thoroughly con-  
vinced there's nothing right!

*(He sobs softly and gradually disappears, while  
a weird light plays over the scene. Suddenly a  
loud burst of music is heard and all start up.  
There is a wild scramble for places and all is  
again animation. The band plays "The Con-  
quering Hero Comes," as W. R. Hearst, at the  
head of a company of yellow journalists, marches  
in. All bow profoundly as he steps forward.)*

SONG OF THE REAL THING. W. R. HEARST.

I am edified immensely,  
From my yellow eminence,  
To observe this deference,  
For it pleases me intensely.

It's extremely gratifying,  
From a checkered crowd like you,

To receive the homage due.  
Yes, it's more than satisfying!  
You may dabble in dirt and mendacity  
And emulate methods infernal,  
And yet, though you strain your capacity,  
You can never come up to my *Journal*!

With a strenuous zest  
You may do your best  
To picture all sorts of excrescences,  
But of mixtures designed  
To make morbid the mind,  
Why, mine are the only true essences!

And it's soothing indeed to my nerve  
To observe, as with envy you burst,  
Though the gods of the gutter you serve,  
You're aware there is only one Hearst!

CHORUS.

When it comes to the worst, there is only one  
Hearst

Whose methods are truly infernal,  
And whatever capacity you have for men-  
dacity,

It is nothing compared with the *Journal*!  
*(Mr. Hearst now leads the entire company  
around the stage, after which they all join hands  
and sing.)*

FINAL CHORUS.

To the furthestmost ends of the whirling  
world

Our golden banners are now unfurled,  
And every hour, with a lightning speed,  
We're spreading what he who runs may  
read.  
Here's Ho! for the sound of the presses'  
roar  
That ripples to many an alien shore,  
With its story of murder, and guilt, and  
woe,  
And things unhealthy that are not so.  
Here's Ho! for the Truth, that sickens and  
pines  
And dies unnoticed between the lines,  
And the Lies that flourish in joy or stress!  
With our voices strong  
We lift our song!  
Here's Ho! for the trail of the Yellow  
Press!

(CURTAIN.)

Tom Masson.

A Tip.

DAUGHTER: There will be liter-  
ary people there.

MOTHER: Yes, and be on your guard  
with them.

"But how shall I know them,  
mother?"

"By their hair; long in the men,  
and short in the women."



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..WHAT! WOULD'ST THOU HAVE A SERPEN  
NG THEE  
-The Merc



A SERPENT BITE THEE TWICE?"  
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene I





A Successful Dramatization.



THE suffering public has been the victim of so many wretched plays made from popular novels that in its behalf it is a pleasure to record one such transformation which produces an agreeable result. At the Lyceum, the stage version of Mr. Hewlett's romance of the fourteenth century, "The Forest Lovers," has preserved thoroughly the atmosphere of the book, and for this reason its primitive impossibilities and imaginative episodes are accepted by the audience in the proper spirit instead of being laughed at and rejected, as they would have been had the work of dramatization been less carefully done.

A large share of the credit is due to the scenic artist and costumer. To the former—Mr. Unitt—special praise is due. One of his compositions, a forest scene with a pool of still water sending its reflected brightness through the trees, might almost be an enlarged Corot in its delicate handling of lights and shadows. The play is one of good knights and bad knights, sorceresses, persecuted maidens and similar characters unfamiliar to the stage of the present day, and it is well for the success of the piece that its physical setting is such as to frame them properly.

"The Forest Lovers" is a radical departure from the realism which has so long held the stage and the attention of theatre-goers. It requires that the spectator get into the expectant and credulous mood familiar to us in the days when we listened to and loved the stories that began with "Once upon a time." Like them it carries us through the vicissitudes of the brave hero and virtuous heroine sadly beset by their enemies and oppressors until finally goodness triumphs over badness and all comes out happily. The company which interprets the story is thoroughly capable and gives a very even performance, free from the exaggerations of acting which the heroic episodes of the piece might have suggested. Why Miss Bertha Galland's name should be printed in larger type than those of the others is more apparent to the managerial than to the critical mind. She is a fairly competent and attractive young actress but with no especial claim to distinction. In fact her impersonation of *Isoult* was not to be compared from the artistic point of view with that of Rhoda Cameron as *Dame Maulfrey*, the seductive siren of Tortseintier Tower. The latter's personality lent itself admirably to the part. Mr. Harry B. Stanford, who played *Prosper le Gai*, the good knight and defender of *Isoult*, is a new-comer to our boards, and showed himself a manly and intelligent actor.

How much of the credit for "The Forest Lovers" is due to Miss Clo Graves, the English dramatizer of the book, and how much to Mr. A. E. Lancaster, the American adapter of the dramatization, it is not possible to say, but between them they have provided excellent dramatic material whose rendering is well worth witnessing.

## A TALE OF TWO SHARKS.



FOR several seasons Weber and Fields have been producing vaudeville extravaganzas, each of which was an improvement on its predecessor. This year, with very much the same company, the entertainment seems rather lacking in fun and tunefulness. It is doubtful whether any of the music in "Hoity-Toity" will attain the popularity of that in the other pieces produced by this firm, and the fun is sporadic instead of continuous.

Messrs. Weber and Fields continue to show their gratitude to a generous public by permitting the sale of their tickets through a speculator at exorbitant prices, and by crowding the passages in their theatre with "standees."

THE New Orleans *Harlequin* points out that a hope for the American dramatist, seeing that the Trust has no use for him, is to be found in the stock-company theatres scattered through the country. These theatres are hard-pressed for plays and in the near future may be compelled to furnish a market for the wares of the American dramatist who has not yet become recognized. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

THE Frohman theatres will be open.

—The Evening Sun of September 14th.

Naturally. What does the Theatrical Syndicate care about the death of a President of the United States?

Metcalfe.

## LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music*.—Augustus Thomas's thrilling Western drama, "Arizona," done with spectacular effects.

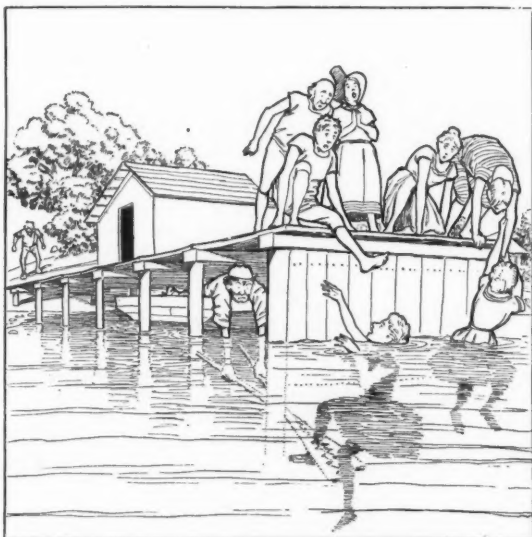
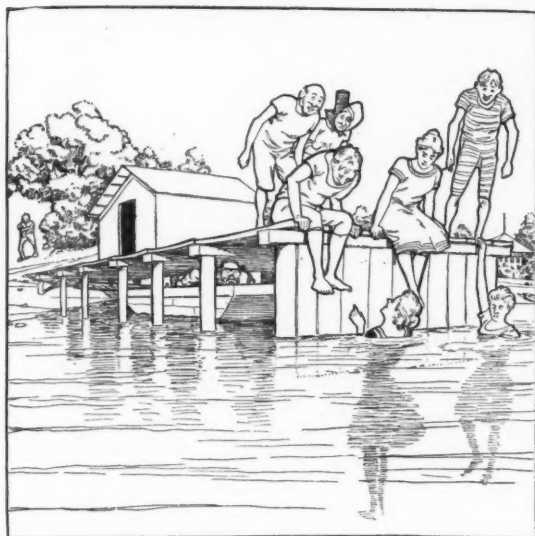
*Broadway*.—Grand opera in English, well presented and at popular prices.

*Daly's*.—"The Messenger Boy." Notice next week.

*Herald Square*.—Andrew Mack in Irish drama, "Tom Moore." Good of its kind.

*Garrick*.—"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Last season's success. Worth seeing.





*Garden.*—E. H. Sothorn in "Richard Lovelace." Sombre, but interesting.

*Empire.*—John Drew in "The Second in Command." Clean, amusing and well acted.

*Knickerbocker.*—"The Rogers Brothers in Washington." Vaudeville play of the usual Rogers type.

*Lyceum.*—"The Forest Lovers." See page 252.

*Wallack's.*—James K. Hackett in "Don Caesar's Return." Romantic drama well presented. Worth seeing.

*Weber and Fields's Music Hall.*—Moderately good vaudeville at robber prices.

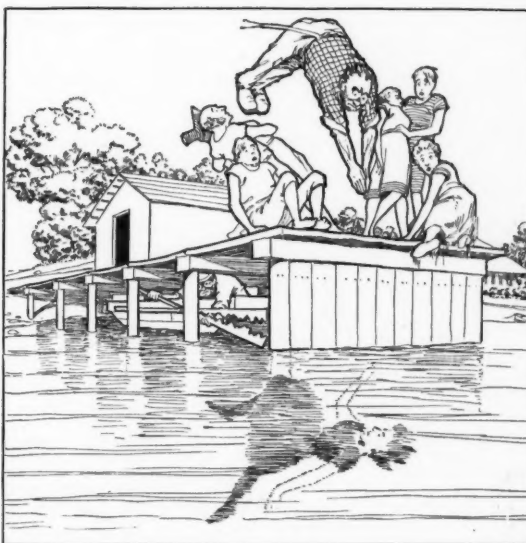
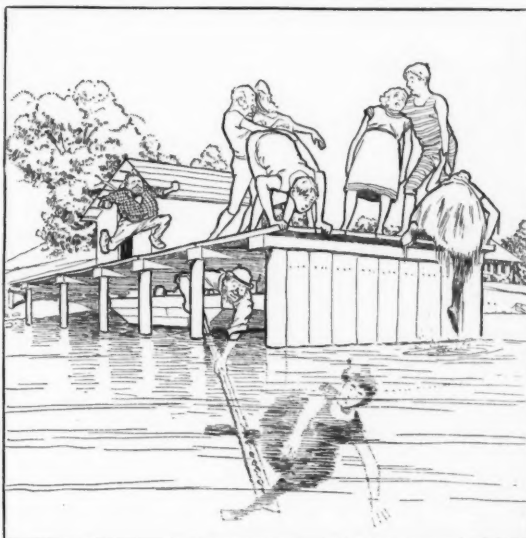
### Modern Examples.

AS the Muscular Activity of an Actress increases, the average weight of her brain decreases in the ratio of 2 ozs. to a Kicking Power of 6 ft. 2 in. for a height of 5 ft. 8 in. What would be the Muscular Activity of an Actress

5 ft. 2 in., whose brain loses 4-16ths of an oz. in a season of 8 weeks, and how soon would she become a star?

A Fifth Avenue stage and a man who has fits start from the corner of 23d Street on a race to the Park. The average rate of speed of the stage is 1 mile an hour. But every time a passenger gets in or out there is a delay of 32 minutes. The man can walk 12-15ths faster than the stage, but every time he has a fit he is delayed 1-2 as long as it takes a passenger to get out. Who wins?

2 missionaries, working 2 hours a day, can convert 2 Chinamen in 20 years, at an expense of \$40,000. But 3 missionaries, working 3 hours a day at an expense of \$60,000, can convert only 2 Chinamen in 20 years. How many missionaries, working 6 hours a day, can convert 1,000,000 Chinamen in 100 years, and what is the expense?





# LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Gentlemen: Your paper is very bright and, for the most part, very good. I think, however, the publishers should be too good Americans, too patriotic, and have too much respect for the highest office in this glorious country to allow the paper to vilify the man who fills that office, and especially when it is filled by a man so much respected as William McKinley. In the name of all that stands for good government, and is opposed to Anarchy, do not lend your paper to Yellow Journalism, either in words or pictures. The September 12th number received, and I am sure I am only one of a very large number of subscribers and interested readers of LIFE who will think an explanation in order. After I looked at the picture on page 205, and vainly searching from cover to cover for one word of kindly reference to our President, who is now suffering the result of "Yellow Journalism," surely there was time on Saturday, if not Monday, to get a few words into the paper in place of the senseless picture referred to above.

Respectfully yours,

Harry W. Griffin.

RIEGELSVILLE, N. J., September 11, 1901.

Our correspondent's communication

would carry more weight, if his knowledge were a little more exact as to the time required for printing our paper. That edition of LIFE, at the hour the President was shot, was already printed; some copies were on their way to the West. It requires practically a week to print our edition. — EDITOR.

## THIS letter comes to us from Switzerland:

THE LIFE PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

Dear Sirs: In your number of the 15th inst., I see with pleasure that an American has taken the trouble of bringing before the public one of the many cases of directly or indirectly kidnapping children by the Jesuits or other Catholic orders. These people, whose laws are not yet known in America, and who take great care that they will not be, are undermining every state. I send you by book post a copy of their laws; unfortunately it does not exist in English. No doubt it will soon be suppressed again, as all these inconvenient publications are—as the translations of Liguori, *The Saints' Rules*, have been; as *Not to the Swift*, of The Minerva Publishing Company, New York, 1891, proving that Lincoln's murderer had been instigated by Jesuits, then declared

crazy, has been. Everybody knows that they have been behind the Dreyfus scandal, and you have perhaps read that the authorities in Austria, about a year ago, when a daughter had been lured away from her parents, declared that at the walls of the convent their power stops. They are hard at work in America but still as quietly and secretly as possible—they first have to get the necessary influence indirectly, by the means you read in the book sent. So far they get a great deal of money from America, and I suppose pay no taxes on their enormous fortunes, there as well as elsewhere.

The only English book they were not able to confiscate, as far as I know, is that of Pater Chiniqui, telling why he left the Catholic belief.

Although American, I have traveled enough to know the excellent net of spies of the Jesuits, not to sign my name.

Yours truly,

## A Parable.

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. And Jericho being his home, he was met by customs officers, who sprang up and choked him, leaving him half dead.

Behold, a priest and a Levite came that way, and they passed by on the other side, saying:

"Great is protection!"

But a certain Samaritan, seeing what had taken place, founded a Cobden Club.

THE Cream of Society seldom rises on the Milk of Human Kindness.





A WINDOW DESIGN FOR THE LODGE ROOM OF ANY LABOR UNION.





ODE TO THE POTATO.

All hail, O potato!  
Tuber ineffable,  
Vland delectable,  
Esculent fryable,  
Boilable, bakable,  
Stewable, chewable,  
Always agreeable,  
The mainstay of Ireland,  
The fount oratorical,  
The father of tropes,  
And flights metaphorical.

All hail! I repeat it.  
Lyonnaise, Saratoga,  
Jacketed, jacketless,  
Warmed over, savory,  
Sliced cold in the salad,  
With onions and vinegar;  
Browned with the pan roast,  
Or soft in podrida!  
Alas, for economy,  
I must cut you out,  
O delight of gastronomy!

All hail! for the third time!  
Good bye! Au revoir!  
When you come off the ladder  
I'll eat you once more.  
Farewell, Early Rose,  
White Mountain, adieu!  
Plymouth Rock and Buff Cochon,  
My heart is with you.

My adjectives falter,  
I mix you up with the hen,

But forgive the misnomer  
Till I meet you again.  
When I think of your peeling,  
I'm choked with real feeling.  
With rubies and diamonds  
I put you on a parity,  
But a man can't eat jewels,  
On account of their rarity.

—Detroit Journal.

WILLIAM GILLETTE, the actor, hides himself in summer as far away from crowds and newspaper personals as possible. Often he uses his time constructing a new work, which Nat Goodwin calls "the Gillette play—a thing that acts itself." One summer Gillette hired a yacht, and, as he tells the story, it was a craft without an equal. With a few friends he set sail from New York and proceeded by way of the Sound upon a cruise. They kept close to shore, and a week or so after they left New York were drifting leisurely by a point of land, at the end of which sat a solemn Yankee fishing. In a few hours the boat had passed the point, and the Yankee aroused himself from his contemplation of the water and asked:

"Where are ye from?"

"New York," replied Gillette, with a yachtman's pride.

"How long?"

"Since August first," shouted the yachtman again.

The Yankee returned to his contemplation, and the yacht kept on drifting, but along in the afternoon there came a voice over the water, and it asked:

"What year?"—Harper's Weekly.

MRS. OLDEN: I hope you and your husband live happily together.

MRS. STRONGMIND: I should say we do. I'd just like to see him try to live unhappily with me.

—Philadelphia Record.

A WESTERN clergyman, irritated by the sight of a number of men quietly playing golf as he was driving, not walking, to the church where he was to conduct service on Sunday, stated in his sermon that it was quite absurd for anybody to hold that the Sabbath was intended for a day of enjoyment of any sort. The frame of mind of this worthy, while not very modern, is well described by the poet who wrote the song "Let Us All Be Unhappy on Sunday," of which the first verse is as follows:

"We zealots made up of stiff clay,  
We sour-looking children of sorrow,  
While not over-jolly to-day,  
Resolve to be wretched to-morrow.  
We can't to a certainty tell  
What mirth may molest us on Monday,  
But, at least, to begin the week well,  
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday."

There is a sly reference to a Scottish custom in another stanza:

"What though a good precept we strain  
Till hateful and hurtful we make it!  
What though in thus pulling the rein  
We may draw it so tight as to break it.  
Abroad we forbid folks to roam  
For fear they get social and frisky,  
But, of course, they can sit still at home  
And get dismally drunk upon whiskey."

But the main thing is to be miserable, even if it be only in a way symbolized by pulling down the blinds in the front of the house and drawing a long face.

—New York Sun.

"Now, look here!" said the policeman to the saloon-keeper, "if you ain't careful, the first thing you know we'll make you obey the law an' close up on time."

—Chicago Post.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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**THE CHRISTMAS  
NUMBER OF LIFE**

The front cover, to be printed in colors, will be designed by WM. DE L. DODGE. The back cover, printed to correspond, will be used by The Eastman Kodak Co.

This issue will contain, in addition to MR. GIBSON's regular work (which appears only in LIFE), sketches by C. ALLAN GILBERT, T. K. HANNA, JR., WM. H. WALKER, E. W. KEMBLE, W. L. JACOBS, BAYARD JONES, and many other artists, whose work in the past has assisted in making LIFE a success.

The array of contributors in this special number of LIFE will not be equaled by any periodical in the world. Among many others may be mentioned E. S. MARTIN, AGNES REPPLIER, JAS. S. METCALFE, TOM MASSON, MADELINE S. BRIDGES, THEODOSIA GARRISON, and CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Advertising orders and copy for this issue should be sent in early, in order to get good positions and have plenty of time to have proofs revised.

**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**

19 WEST 31st STREET

NEW YORK CITY



# The PRIZE on SYLVIA'S HEAD—is \$500.



SYLVIA  
AS IMAGINED BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

SYLVIA is the heroine of a new novel, entitled *Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess*. She lived abroad, and is described by one of her admirers as "the most beautiful woman in Europe." Twelve artists, known for their types of beautiful women, were invited each to make a drawing expressing his idea of the charming heroine. Their pictures are all reproduced as illustrations in the book. By a natural suggestion, all persons who like a good story and admire beautiful women are now to be asked to give their opinion of the types represented. Each reader is invited to choose from among the pictures the one which, in his judgment, is the best conception of the heroine, and to indicate the order in which he thinks

## SYLVIA: The STORY of an AMERICAN COUNTESS

By EVALYN EMERSON.

With Pictures of the Heroine by

Albert R. Blashfield, Carl J. Blenner, J. Wells Champney, Howard Chandler Christy, Louise Cox, Joseph R. De Camp, John Elliott, C. Allan Gilbert, Albert Herter, Henry Hutt, Alice Barber Stephens, A. B. Wenzell.

all the others should rank. The person whose list comes nearest to the choice of the majority will receive a prize of \$500.00.

The book itself is a charming and clever love story, readable and interesting from cover to cover. The voting is very simple. Each volume contains full particulars and a slip on which the reader is to register his choice. It is a matter on which every one will naturally have an opinion; and the prize of \$500.00 is worth guessing for. Order through the book stores, or send \$1.50 direct to the publishers. Both these pictures copyright 1901 by

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SYLVIA  
AS IMAGINED BY A. B. WENZELL

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"TIME flies; perhaps I've made my call Too long," he said. Said she: "O, no, it wasn't long at all— It only seemed to be."

—Wauwau's Penny Daily.

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Bachelor, husband or widower, all find telephone service useful at all hours of the day. None who values comfort, neatness and despatch can afford to be without it. Rates in Manhattan from \$5 a month. New York Telephone Co., 15 Day St., 111 West 38th St.

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"Are you trying to express your contempt for the court?"

"No, your Honor," was the reply, "I am trying to conceal it."—Argonaut.

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"DIDN'T you go away at all, Mrs. Dash?"

"No; Mr. Dash said he was so well fixed now that we could afford to stay at home if we wanted to—so we did."

—Detroit Free Press.

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Make, superior to any European make, its bouquet lovely, Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry.

THE story is told of three Protestant ladies, who walked into a Catholic church in Ireland during high mass. It was raining, and they had gone in for shelter. The priest, one of nature's gentlemen, recognized the ladies, and, stooping down, said to an attendant:

"Three chairs for the Protestant ladies."

It was a kindly thought, but the priest must have wished he had never thought it when the man stood up in the church and shouted:

"Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!"

It was over in a minute—the cheers were cheered and could not be called back; but it was one of the most uncomfortable moments in the good priest's life.—Argonaut.

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AN amusing story is told by a well-known business man of Philadelphia, who recently was introduced to John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller's favorite pastime outside of business hours is pitching quoits, at which he is said to be very clever. He was speaking of this game when some one asked him if he ever played golf.

"Golf?" was Mr. Rockefeller's reply. "I don't know anything about golf. I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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The coming municipal election in New York will be the fight of Mr. Croker's life. He will be constantly in the public eye, and Mr. Lewis's book provides a thorough understanding of the man, his methods, and the forces and machinery at his command. No one who expects to follow the contest intelligently can afford to be without the knowledge contained in what is, in fact, the sole complete biography of Richard Croker.

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AT THE BURIAL OF A DOG.  
Small friend, of faithful heart and  
liquid eyes,  
We give thee to our Mother Earth again,  
And thank thee for thy friendship.  
We are men  
Who pride ourselves that we are very  
wise:

We throw our glances upwards to the  
skies,  
Yet cannot tell what death is. Even  
when

Thy little spark of life escapes our ken,  
We're left to grope in sad and blind  
surmise.

Dear dead companion! Would that  
thou could'st know

What human tears are shed above thy  
grave!

How humanlike we felt thy love to be!  
How much to us thou wast, in weal and  
woe!

Thou merry, curious, willing little slave,  
Half-human, wondrous, wondrous  
mystery!

—Arthur Ransom in Literature.

AN apt answer is credited to George  
Sanger, the well-known English circus  
man. On being asked what steps he  
would take should a certain wild beast  
break out of its cage, he replied, with  
all naïveté:

"D—d long ones."—Argonaut.

"Who is that strange-looking man  
who stares at me so much?"

"Why, that's Von Humperdinck, the  
eminent insanity expert."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HER MOTHER: Edith, don't you think  
you are getting too old to play with  
little boys?

EDITH: No, mamma; the older I get  
the better I like them.—Exchange.

"MR. GALLENT, you are something of  
a student of human nature," began  
Miss Bewchus, coyly.

"Ah, but now," he interrupted, flash-  
ing his bold black eyes upon her, "I  
am a divinity student."

—Philadelphia Press.

VENERABLE DR. THURSTON, who is  
much more at home in mazes of theology  
than in the amenities of social life, not  
long ago was introducing to a younger  
clergyman, a handsome widower, a  
former parishioner of his own, no longer  
young and extremely sensitive to the  
fact.

"My brother," said Dr. Thurston,  
leading the lady forward, while his face  
beamed with genuine affection, "this is  
Miss Almada Jennings, one of my old  
sheep."—Harper's Magazine.

## The Swoboda System

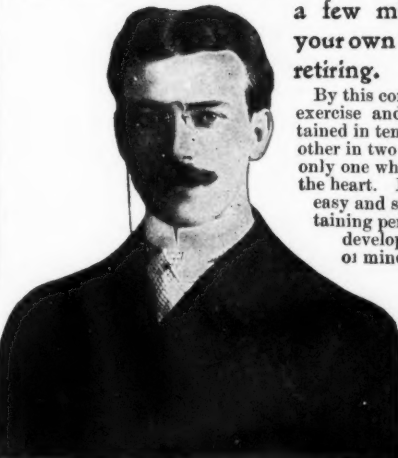
Restores to Health, Strengthens the Heart

I am teaching intelligent men, brain workers, the  
ideal principles of attaining and preserving perfect  
health. It is not a problematical theory, but a sys-  
tem of physiological exercise, based upon absolutely  
correct scientific facts.

And if you will follow my instructions for a few weeks I will promise you  
such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as  
to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as  
essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort. **No pupil of mine will  
need to digest his food with pepsin nor assist nature with a dose of  
physic.** I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it;  
a digestive system that will fill your veins with rich blood; a strong heart  
that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that  
will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should;  
a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental  
energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor,

making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a  
man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental  
worker must who would get the best of which his brain is  
capable. I can promise you all of this because it is com-  
mon-sense, rational and just as logical as that study im-  
proves the intellect.

My system is taught by mail only and with per-  
fect success, requires no apparatus whatever, and but  
a few minutes' time in  
your own room just before  
retiring.



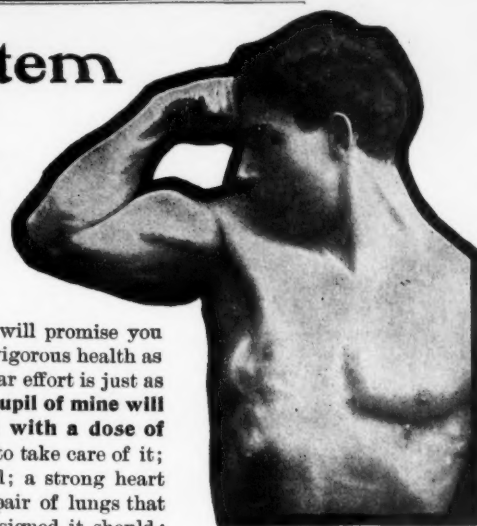
By this condensed system more  
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tained in ten minutes than by any  
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### A Strong Endorsement from the Secretary of the H. W. Merriam Shoe Co.

NEWTON, N. J., June 13, 1901.

Mr. A. P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: It is now about ten weeks since I com-  
menced taking instructions from you, and I feel it is  
due you that I should express myself as to the results  
attained. I cannot do otherwise than speak favor-  
ably of your system of exercise, as having followed  
your instructions closely for the past ten weeks, I can  
say they have produced great results; when I com-  
menced taking the course, none of my muscles were  
developed—in fact, I hardly knew I had any, but in  
comparing measurements taken now with those taken  
before I commenced the course, I find an increase in  
all measurements from one to three inches. My health  
is good and I feel strong in every way. It gives me  
great pleasure to recommend your system of exercises,  
as they produce just such results as you claim and as  
others can attest who have followed your instructions.  
Wishing you success, I remain, Truly yours,

(Signed)

J. E. WARBASSE,  
Secretary H. W. Merriam Shoe Co.

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